was being a prick. I disliked Deloris. Mack was indifferent.

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Mack lumbered past Samantha without acknowledging her. He began his daily ascent of the dark-varnished stairs. He came down in the morning and stayed down till bed-time, which was right after supper. There was nothing else to do till breakfast. Samantha held the door longer than necessary. She sighed "Come on, Adam." Adam was somewhere on the road to Ossington.

Samantha waited while I retrieved her "meds" file from the stack of "six o'clock meds" beside the photo-copier, removed her dosette from the filing cabinet, and poured the water into a Dixie cup. I showed her her name on the dosette before tapping the pills from the 6 o'clock slot into her cupped hand. She clapped the hand with the pills over her mouth, accepted the Dixie cup and swallowed the water. She even showed me the inside of her mouth, something Gladys wanted me to ask everyone to do. I never did. Caspar said the tenants had been in the asylum most of their lives. They were too good at "cheeking" to get caught like that. Gladys would take me aside to warn me that a particular tenant was cheeking his meds. They all were.

Then Samantha asked me for a "PRN." She was at her politest. She used her little girl voice. She was apologetic